THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

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THE

School for Orators, or a Peep at the Forum;

A FARCE;

as never

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN OR DRURY-LANE, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

"And as for rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."—HUDIBRAS.

"Then he would talk—ye gods, how he would talk!"—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

PREFACE OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

In reviving "*The Peep at the Forum, or School for Orators,*" we deem it necessary to offer a few prefatory remarks upon the original design of the work, and the motives which have led to its republication. About twenty years ago, Mr. Ryley, the well-known author of the "Itinerant," and several other works, and of a number of excellent comic songs, established a debating society in Liverpool, which was very numerously and respectably attended. He, himself, officiated as president; and in that capacity gave general satisfaction by his urbanity of manners, his taste and discrimination in deciding upon any disputed points of order, and his talent and impartiality in summing up at the conclusion of the debate.

We have frequently been present at the Liverpool Forum, during very animated and interesting discussions; although, as in all such places, persons would not unfrequently take a share in the debates who were as destitute of information, as they were of every other requisite for public speaking; and, if we were occasionally much edified by the speeches of several of the gentlemen who figured away at the Marble-street room, we were still more frequently diverted by the efforts of those who, notwithstanding the coughings and hissings of their auditors, to which they were regularly subjected, were determined, "in spite of nature and their stars," to become orators.—We are half ashamed to confess, that effusions of this description were more to our taste, at that time of day, than those of the superior class of speakers to which we have before adverted; and our inducement in frequenting the forum, was rather the expectation of amusement from the flounderings and absurdities of the inferior tyros, and oratorical *debutants*, than any hope of instruction from those of well-informed men.

Whatever ascetics may pretend to the contrary, laughing, according to our notion, is a most rational amusement. We read in Proverbs, chap. xvii. verse 22, that "A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones." One of our poets talks, indeed, of "the loud laugh, that speaks the vacant mind;" but a philosopher, whose opinion has more weight with us, has, on the contrary, shrewdly remarked, that "man is the only animal that is gifted with the power of laughter;" and, as we are of opinion that nature has not given us this faculty for no purpose, reason, as well as temperament, sanction the practice, however vulgar it may be deemed by those solemn fops, who mistake gravity for wisdom, and whom we would remind, *en passant*, that, as a celebrated writer observes, "Gravity is often a mystery of the body, assumed to conceal the defects of the mind; that the most solemn bird is the owl, and the most solemn beast the ass."

But to return from this digression. As it was our custom to note down all the whimsical passages which occurred during the debates at the Marble-street Forum, our collection of malaprops, grammatical slips, broken metaphors, and grotesque rhetorical tropes, became, in a short time very, copious.

We were tempted to arrange this heterogeneous mass of absurdity into the form of a speech, which we put into the mouth of a Mr. Bother'em, an ideal character, or kind of scape-goat, intended as a personification of every species of oratorical and rhetorical absurdity which our notes supplied, or our invention suggested.

Having, by chance, shown this caricature to Mr. Terry, now one of the managers of the Adelphi Theatre, a gentleman of talent and of excellent education, he was so much diverted with its absurdity, that he urged us to write an interlude, or farce, in which Mr. Bother'em should be the hero of the *dramatis personæ*. The result of this suggestion was the "Peep at the Forum," which was published in London in 1809, and afterwards in America, as we ascertained from a friend now in Liverpool, who, to our surprise, presented us with a copy.

We shall here briefly state our reasons for reviving this dramatic caricature, as we feel that some apology is requisite on the occasion. The whole original edition of the work was very soon disposed of, and it became a scarcity somewhat in request; a proof, by the bye, that scarce and valuable, as applied to books, are by no means synonymous terms. We were urged by some partial and laughter-loving friends to put forth a second edition, but we declined it; nor should we ever have thought of republishing it, had not a friend, who happened to be in London last May, informed us that Mr. Mathews had adopted Mr. Bother'em under another name, and that our resuscitated orator was very well received by the London audience.

This facetious gentleman, during his late visit, introduced Bother'em to the Liverpool audience; and, as our townsmen appeared also to be much diverted with the peculiar powers of that extraordinary orator, we have adopted the suggestion of a few friends to republish the whole farce, with the exception of the dedication, which was originally addressed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, but which is not only too long, but, as it now strikes us, too tedious for repetition.

The annexed engraving originally appeared as a frontispiece to the *Peep at the Forum*, and is explanatory of a *fracas* which occurred towards the conclusion of the piece.

We intended to detail more minutely the plot of the piece; but, upon second thought, we are of opinion that it will be better to append a few notes as we proceed; we shall, therefore, only further add, by way of introduction, that the *Peep at the Forum*, as it was originally printed, consisted of a dedication, (which, as we have already observed, we shall omit,) a brief preface, and two acts, the first of which consists chiefly of a dialogue between Mr. Schemer, the president, and his friend, Fickle. The second act is wholly taken up with the speeches and the fracas in the debating room. We shall, for the present week, confine ourselves to the title and preface, as we have not the vanity to imagine that the quality of the work would be deemed a sufficient apology for the exclusion of almost every other subject. ☞

PREFACE.

Comedy has been aptly compared to a mirror, reflecting men and manners as they are found in real life: not considering it necessary, however, to stop here to inquire whether many of our *five act farces* answer this description, it may be observed, pursuing the simile, that mirrors are of various forms, and have different properties.

Satyrical Farce may be compared to a concave mirror, the property of which is to magnify and distort the object; and the simile holds good in another view;—in both cases the more brilliant the *point*, the greater the smart inflicted.

Broad Burlesque Farce (to which class the reader may probably be disposed to refer this School for Orators) may be compared to one of those irregular mirrors, for which no name has been assigned, but which the reader may have seen at some museum, or perhaps in the lecture-room of the renowned Dr. Katterfelto; their property is to lengthen a object, or extend it in breadth in a ludicrous manner. Perhaps, indeed, the present work may be thought to combine these properties, and be deemed, in the estimation of the judicious reader, too *broad* as well as too *long*.

Let it be remembered, however, that the reflection from all these mirrors bears more or less a resemblance to some original; how far they are correct or distorted will perhaps be best proved by the portrait being claimed or rejected. If any person, after taking a peep into our mirror, should fancy he recognises a likeness, he is welcome to it, however flattering or otherwise it may be in his estimation. It will probably, however, be mere fancy on his part, and the following extract from the celebrated author of Gil Blas is recommended to his notice:—"Comme il y a des personnes qui ne sçauroient lire, sans faire des applications des caracteres vicieux ou ridicules qu'elles trouvent dans es ouvrages, je declare à ces lecteurs malins, qu'ils auroient tort d'appliquer les portraits qui sont dans le présent livre. 'en fais un aveu public: je ne me suis proposé que de représenter la vie des hommes telle qu'elle est. A Dieu ne plaise que j'aie eu déssein de désigner quelqu'un en particulier. Qu'aucun lecteur ne prenne donc pour lui, ce qui peut convenir à d'autres aussi bien qu'à lui; autrement, comme dit Phédre, il se fera connoitre mal-à propos. —*Stultè nudabit animi conscientiam*,"

Perhaps some apology is due to the reader of *taste*, for the liberty the author has here taken in printing in *italic* characters some of the most striking beauties in the various speeches in the second act of this farce, particularly in the oration of Mr. Bother'em. This arose from a conviction, that the intrinsic merit of a work does not always secure it a second perusal; and as he was anxious that none of what he considers *peculiar beauties* should escape even the most superficial observer, there seemed no other way of accomplishing this desirable object than that he has adopted, of using *italics* (which has the advantage of brevity) or of following the example of a learned and LOFTY* editor of modern poetry, who has very considerately spared his readers the trouble of thinking, judging, or feeling for themselves, by giving laconic notes upon almost every line; in the prosecution of which ingenious idea, all the typographical marks or references are pressed into the service of each page. By consulting the note on the passage to which * is affixed, we learn that it is *pathetic!*—† is *simple* and *affecting!*—‡ *delicate!*—¶ *sublime!* &c. &c.

This is certainly a most ingenious thought, and is probably capable of great and important extension. Applied to novels, for instance, it would be of essential service, as the great mischief of such publications arises from the circumstance of the readers often *feeling* in the wrong place, which would be entirely prevented, by their consulting the notes before they suffered their imaginations to be affected, or their sensibility worked to an alarming crisis.

But though no one can admire this new "*feeling made easy*," more than our author does, motives of economy have induced him to prefer the use of *italics*. In a speech so replete with beauties as that of Mr. Bother'em, notes upon each striking passage would have swelled the work to an immeasurable length, and resembled the Koran, the first verse of which is said to have given rise to 200 volumes of commentaries.

The author also wishing to promote, by every means in his power, the noble science of elocution, considered it a duty to render the *School for Orators* accessible to purchasers of every station; and for that reason, amongst others, confined himself to the use of *italics* upon such passages as appears to him remarkable, either for *singularity* of *expression* or *thought*.

[*To be continued.*]

* See Capel Loft's edition of Bloomfield's poems.

The Traveller.

[ORIGINAL.]

TOUR TO FRANCE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF LIVERPOOL.

Saturday, the 22d of April, 1826, was the day appointed for the sailing of the vessel which was to convey my companion and myself to the once hostile shores of France. The morning opened thick and cloudy, the wind blew strong from the N. W. and to those acquainted with the port of Liverpool, it will be evident that we had not the most flattering prospect of a fine passage.

However, after spending a morning of doubt as to the possibility of our getting to sea, it was finally resolved about noon that we should make the attempt.

At one, p.m. we sailed from the Prince's Dock, the rain pouring in torrents, and the angry clouds rolling over in quick succession from the northward. By the assistance of a steam-packet we soon rounded the Black Rock; two hours had hardly elapsed when the Captain told us, to our no little mortification, that it would be necessary to come to an anchor; as the vessel had not sufficient hands on board, especially with the prospect of such a night as we were likely to have. Accordingly, about four p.m. we cast anchor, the steam-packet was despatched back for a supply of men, and we (that is, my companion and myself,) like old seamen, set to work upon a piece of salt beef and biscuit: this scene, however, did not last very long; a sensation, well-known but ill liked by landsmen, soon commenced, that is, with me; my companion, indeed, might have spent his life upon the watery element, so little was he affected by that nausea which had so powerful an effect upon myself. The swell towards evening became very great; I found bed the best place, but what became of my companion I was in no humour for inquiring, and many were the times I wished myself at Bourdeaux, (for that was our destination.)

Towards midnight it blew very fresh indeed, added to which, the loud shout of our Captain, the scampering of the sailors, and the pitching of the vessel, were to me no very agreeable accompaniments. However, the night passed as most stormy nights do, and the return of twilight was, I believe, welcomed by us all. This morning, (Sunday) about ten o'clock, the steam packet returned, bringing us an additional supply of seamen: we immediately weighed our anchor, in doing which it broke; but still the stubborn and manly spirit of our Captain soared above this difficulty, and we endeavoured to keep our course onward until our pilot said, as the evening approached and the wind increased, he would advise us to put back, which we accordingly did, and came to an anchor in the Sline at ten o'clock p.m. No boat coming towards us, we were obliged to sleep on board during the night; we, however, landed in good time on the following morning, and, to the no small astonishment of our respective friends, once more reached our houses.

As the sole object in my intended tour was pleasure, and the sensations on board ship were to me quite the reverse, I determined now to make as much of my course to Bourdeaux as was possible, by land; accordingly, bidding adieu to my companion, (who determined to make another attempt by sea,) I took my place on the following Wednesday, in a stage-coach for London, on my route to Dover.

As stage-coach expeditions are nothing very extraordinary, I will endeavour to carry myself to London as expeditiously as possible. Let me not, however, pass on without paying a tribute of respect, and testifying my deepest esteem to a then unknown, but since discovered fellow traveller. He was a clergyman, who had just come over from Ireland, and was travelling for the benefit of his health, and I must say, that I look back to the day which brought me into his company as almost the pleasantest day I spent from the time I quitted home until my return, a period of nearly three months.

And shall I forget friend Jonathan? Never. But for a different reason to that which will impress the image of my clerical friend upon my memory. The company of Jonathan was indeed a source of amusement. To judge from bulk, and the apparent good living which was depicted in his countenance, you would have said it was John Bull himself; but the simple garb, and the still more simple heart, bespoke him a true disciple of William Penn.

As is my usual plan with all sorts of travellers, I entered into conversation with him; I told him I had had the pleasure of hearing his friend, Mr. C——r (whom I had first ascertained that he knew) speak at an anti-slavery meeting a few days before I left Liverpool. Jonathan, who had hitherto been rather more prone to converse inwardly than outwardly, immediately upon hearing this, burst forth into all the eloquence of a finished orator. His eulogiums on Mr. C——r were unbounded, and, as I thought, almost interminable; at last, however, they did cease, and for the space of a moment all was silence. I was the first to break it, to the amusement of my fellow-traveller, and to the utter astonishment of friend Jonathan, by saying, that I was one of those unfortunate inhuman beings who did not see the subject of slavery in the light in which he did, and that I must consequently dissent from all his eulogiums on Mr. C——r. Poor Jonathan! I never shall forget that moment; had a poignard pierced his very heart, his astonishment could not well have been greater: never, for one moment, in the simplicity of his heart, had he doubted that I was of the same opinion as himself. Now the conversation was all inwardly; Jonathan had no more to say, and ever and anon a heavy sigh or a groan bespoke his inward contentions. We parted with him at the end of one stage; I think it was on our arrival at Lichfield.

I parted with my delightful fellow-traveller (the Irish clergyman) at Stoney-Stratford, and it was not without the expression of regret on both sides.

I arrived at London about nine o'clock on Thursday morning. My good fortune threw me into the way of a young lady of my acquaintance, who kindly took me in her carriage, to get my passport. All being settled that I had to do in London, I made the best of my way to Dover the following day, where I arrived about six o'clock p.m. and took up my quarters at the Union Hotel, where there is an excellent landlord (Mr. Gell) and exceedingly good accommodation.

On Saturday morning, early, I ascended the heights of Dover, explored the castle and the fortifications, and rambled about until I could distinguish the approach of the vessel which was to convey me to the shores of France.

Owing to the state of the tide, the vessel was forced to anchor in the Roads, and, at twelve o'clock, we were launched from the beach in a small boat, and, in a few minutes, were on board his Majesty's steam-packet Spitfire, Captain King, which plies between Dover and Calais. Just after getting on board, a smart storm of snow and hail, accompanied by strong gusts of wind, came on, but our steamer, under the command of her able and experienced captain, weathered it admirably. We shipped some very heavy seas; nevertheless most of the passengers (amongst whom were some ladies) remained upon deck.

Here I noticed a circumstance, as singular as it was to me gratifying: our passengers were about forty in number, of which about one-third might be French, the rest English; and whilst the whole of the French were engaged in feeding the variety of fish which abound in these waters, there was not one Englishman in the least faintheerted. So much for the difference between living upon roast beef and fricaseed frogs. Our passage across was something under four hours. As we approached the harbour of Calais, the view was exceedingly fine; and although my prejudiced mind was determined to think no country equal to my own, I could not help an expression of admiration on my first view of the Bourbon dominions. The swell of the sea at the mouth of the harbour was very fine: our vessel appeared almost to pitch over the pier. We were anded opposite the *Douane*. The scenes which present themselves to a stranger, on landing at Calais, are ridiculous in the extreme. I was assailed, in a manner beyond all description, by men, women, and children, recommending different hotels, diligences, and shops, of all descriptions. Had I taken all the cards which these enthusiastically-polite people presented to me, my hands, pockets, and hat would have been filled, and more than filled; but the way in which their recommendations were given was the highest scene imaginable: sometimes spoken in French, sometimes in English, and sometimes in a mixture of both languages—altogether producing a sound truly discordant to the ear of a newly-imported Englishman.

In company with my fellow-passengers I went to the *Douane*, where I delivered up my passport. Here some persons were searched very minutely, but I was suffered to pass unmolested. Whether this circumstance arose (as the vanity of my heart whispered to me) from the respectability of my appearance, or from a countenance which I dare say betrayed an ignorant simplicity with regard to the art of smuggling, I cannot tell.

I had been recommended to go to Kelhé's Hotel; but being overpersuaded by one of my fellow-voyagers, I took up my abode at the *Hotel de la Couronne*, and a miserable abode I found it.—In the course of the evening I got a provisional passport from the police-office, which was to carry me as far as Paris, where I was to apply to the police for my original one. I had often heard how John Bull is imposed upon by *Monsieur Français*, and I landed with the firm determination not to allow any thrifty Frenchman to impose upon me. Accordingly, upon receiving my provisional passport, three francs were demanded for it; but casting my eye on one corner of the pass, I saw "*Prix deux francs*" marked. I pointed this out, and declined paying any more. But all my French eloquence would not carry my object; and after wasting half an hour, and many useless words into the bargain, I was compelled to give the rascal another franc; at the same time resolving that I would not be imposed upon again.

At six o'clock I sat down to my first French dinner, but was a little disappointed in the account I had heard of French cookery. The next day, being Sunday, I went to the English Protestant church, if I may call it a church. It consisted of a small room, perhaps capable of containing 60 or 70 persons, with a few chairs and benches for the congregation to sit on. The scene, as I passed along the streets, to and from church, exhibited no symptoms of a Sabbath; shops were all open, purchasers going in and out, and the various rounds of week-day duty proceeded in their ordinary course. I must confess I was not prepared to see so great a change in the manners, dress, and general appearance of a people, resident so short a distance as 21 miles from England. In the afternoon I went to the Roman Catholic church of *Notre Dame*. There is nothing to admire in the exterior of this building; the interior is imposing on the first entrance, but on closer examination exhibits a display of tawdry decoration. When service was over, (or rather, when I went out of church, for every one seemed to go in and out as best suited his convenience,) I took a walk through some of the principal streets; I did not, however, meet with any thing beyond the general aspect of the place which particularly attracted my attention. The appearance of the women was very interesting, in the ease and the elegance which they displayed both in their persons and their dress; they far surpass the generality of English women: perhaps this remark is more particularly applicable to the lower and middle orders, as many of the higher classes were what I should call extravagantly fine.

I returned to my hotel to dinner at five o'clock. My landlord asked me if I had any objection to dine with another Englishman who was stopping at the hotel. Glad of company, I, of course, acceded to the proposal, and was ushered into a room, where, without an introduction, I took my seat, *vis-à-vis*, to as sulky a looking Englishman as was ever exported to the distant shores of Botany Bay. Many were the questions I asked, and many the observations I made, in the hopes of getting information from him as to the conveniences of travelling, &c. but all to no purpose, the only variations which I could obtain in his replies were from "Yes, Sir" to "No, Sir," and from "No, Sir" to "Yes, Sir." At last, wearied with asking questions, and vexed with their answers, I determined to leave him to his own meditations, and set to work upon a dish of nuts, which the waiter had now placed before us. Accordingly, for the space of half an hour, nothing was heard but the cracking of nut-shells, and the trickling of the wine which, in tolerably copious draughts, flowed from my companion's bottle to his glass, and from his glass, in natural course, to his stomach. Anxious as I had been a short time before that this stranger would allow me a little of his conversation, my anxiety was now reversed, and my only wish was for a cessation of the verbal battery which now assailed me. Words flowed upon words without end; all, however, that I could collect from him was, that he had fled his country for debt, and was here endeavouring to drown his disappointments in the revellings of drunkenness. I was in no way displeased when the clock struck ten, and I was summoned to take my seat in the mail for Paris.

The vehicle and its appendages amused me not a little. I can compare it to nothing but a miserable English post-chaise, with the body of a covered gig fastened in front of it to contain a person called the *Conducteur*, and one passenger. This is considered, and indeed is, the best seat, and I thought myself fortunate in obtaining it. We had post horses, four, five, or six, just as it happened, all harnessed with ropes. On the hind near horse sat the postillion, as truly ridiculous a figure as one can well imagine. He wore a little blue jacket, trimmed with silver lace, immense boots, which, from their appearance, might have been antediluvian, and a cap which an English beggar would have passed unheeded in the street. His mode of riding gave effect to the scene; it was not the easy rise of an English post-boy, but his motion was jog, jog, jog, his elbows at the same time making the most indefatigable attempts to be first at the journey's end. The horses, which are similar to a small species of our cart horse, were not in the best of keeping; they were each decorated with a string of bells around their necks, and the perpetual jingle which they kept up was not of the most musical description. When I looked at this extraordinary vehicle, its skeleton jockey in his smart jacket, and heard the jingling of the bells,—instead of reminding me that I was in a Government conveyance, it brought more forcibly to my mind a nursery rhyme, which will, I think, express our appearance to the most juvenile mind:

> "With rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes,
> See the fine gentleman, yonder he goes."

Such was the style in which I quitted Calais; and with the exception of one of the wheels of our vehicle giving way, which was mended with rope after a detention of about ten minutes, we had no interruption after we quitted Boulogne until we arrived at Abbeville, about nine o'clock, a. m. on Monday, the 1st of May. The scenery, as soon as day-light afforded me an opportunity of seeing it, was novel and interesting. The roads were remarkably fine, ranging, I should think, from thirty to fifty yards wide and bounded on each side by large trees, at the distance of eight or ten yards from each other. The fields were all laid out without fences, and had somewhat the appearance of extensive gardens.

At two, P. M. we arrived at Amiens; and as I was more anxious for a sight of the celebrated Cathedral which was built in this town by my countrymen, than to satisfy the cravings of appetite, no sooner had the mail stopped than I sprang from my gig-like inclosure, and placed myself in charge of the first old woman I saw, for the purpose of being conducted to the Cathedral. I hardly know whether to consider myself fortunate or unfortunate in my accidental choice of a guide. Of all the women either English or French, which it has been my lot to encounter, never did I meet her equal for loquaciousness: her description of the Cathedral was very elaborate, and I doubt not very true; but so quick did she place word after word, and sentence after sentence, that I believe if I understood one word in ten it was as much as the bargain; and all the part which I took in the conversation was to repeat, without effect, every now and then, "*Parlez doucement s'il vous plait*," and to yield my unqualified assent to all she said. At last we arrived there. Splendid! grand! magnificent! all escaped my lips; but I cannot describe my feelings: it is, indeed, a noble pile of ingenuity and art. I was sometime before I entered the interior, so totally was my admiration absorbed in its outward appearance: my expectations of what I was to see in the interior of this building were raised in proportion to what I had seen of its exterior, and I must confess that they were not disappointed: the fine gothic columns, the ingenious carving, the magnificent paintings, and the splendid monuments which are to be found here, are well worthy of the grandest cathedral in Europe. I had here, in a person connected with the place, a true specimen of the Frenchman's love of money. He was officiating in some religious ceremony when I entered; but no sooner did he perceive me, than he was at my elbow in a moment, exclaiming "*Voilà, voilà, Monsieur*," at the same time pointing first to one thing and then to another, and dragging me after him, past priest, altar, and image, without respect to either one or the other. I presume his patron saint must have granted him a special privilege or indulgence, as I noticed others making their genuflexions, and crossing themselves with what they conceived due reverence, to every image they passed. When he had finished, he conducted me to the door, nor did he forget to hold out his hand for a reward, which he did with an air of politeness that it would be impossible for the most fawning courtier to surpass. As I receded from the Cathedral, my feelings of admiration were mingled with regret that such a master-piece of art should be given up to the exercise of Romish ceremonies. What little I was enabled to see of the town of Amiens during the short time of two hours which the mail stopped, did not give me any exalted opinion of it. Its streets are narrow, the people mean looking; and there were no buildings, with the exception of its magnificent cathedral, which could at all convey the idea I had formed of a place which has cut so great a figure in the page of history.

[*To be continued.*]

Patent Coffins.—A country paper, in alluding to some advertisements of patent coffins, says, curiously enough, that being made of iron, they will "secure the person buried against the possibility of resurrection," (meaning resurrection men.)—*American Paper.*

City Feastings.—The following is the bill of fare for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful the Company of Wax Chandlers, London, 1478:—Two loins of veal, and two loins of mutton, 1s. 4d.; one loin of beef, 4d.; one dozen of pigeons, and one dozen of rabbits, 9d.; one pig and one capon, 1s; one goose and a hundred eggs, 1s. 4d.; one leg of mutton, 2½d.; two gallons of sack, 1s. 4d.; eight gallons of strong ale, 1s. 6d.—7s. 6d.

The Cathedral was built by Catholics; as well as Westminster-Abbey, of which English Protestant Clergymen have made Show-Rooms, to the great Scandal of every beholder—

× not Roman Catholic worship!

Poetry.

STANZAS.

What is to me—or leafy grove,
Or haunt the Hamadryades' love,
Or verdure of the sloping hill,
Or music of the purling rill,
Or all earth's brightest, and most rare,
If none with me the rapture share!

What is to me—or moonlit vale,
Or Philomel's seducing tale,
Or jocund lark's exulting lay,
Or nature's blithest holiday,
Or all most beauteous and bright,
If mine alone the chill delight!

Oh! happier, prison gloom to share,
If that a friend may linger there;
Happier, or desert's cheerless waste,
Or straw-roof'd cottage, time defaced;
More bless'd than Araby the fair,
If kindred spirits mingle there.

For, oh, the golden hours how fleet
When given the soul companion meet!
Then, be the scene or dark or fair,
A ray from Heaven is sparkling there;
And, own'd the sympathy of *mind*,
A rapture prov'd words ne'er defined!

And say, the palace what can shade,
Deep as the cell for captive made?
Thy absence, kindred spirit, bland,
That makes a dungeon fairy land!
And none or weal or woe to share,
Not Paradise itself were fair.

Liverpool. O.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If the following very loose translation of Adrian's beautiful address to his soul, be deemed worthy of a place in your paper, you will, by inserting it, oblige yours, &c.

R.

Fleeting, fair, delusive spirit,
Dweller in this hut of clay!
Whither, desolate and dreary,
Takest thou thy cheerless way?
All that once was mirth and gladness,
Lost in sorrow, sunk in sadness.

The long-expected Opera of *Peveril of the Peak* was successfully produced lately at Covent-garden Theatre. The music, by Horne, is not without merit. An air, by Miss Paton, "When sorrow speeds," in the first act, graceful, but of no remarkable spirit or originality, was encored; and an air, by the same lady, to the following words:—

O, I never will marry a Puritan lad,
So dull and so formal, so solemn and sad;
He talks about love, while he thinks of your pelf,
And he cares for no being in life but himself;
His heart is like ice—and his passion so cold,
One would think little Cupid a hundred years old;
But I have long cherished the pretty boy *here*,
And I must be the bride of a young Cavalier.

O, a young Cavalier is so gallant and gay,
He's bright and he's warm, as a sunbeam in May;
With a smile on his lip, and a bonny blue eye,
That goes home to the heart, be one ever so shy.
They may say little Cupid is blind, if they please,
But I know very well that the pretty boy sees;
He shot but one arrow, and hit me just *here*,
So I must be the bride of a young Cavalier.

TO THE EARTH.

[From the Albany Argus.]

Nurse of our race—upon whose teeming breast
All that hath life doth live! Thou mother dear,
Perpetual benefactress—yielding still
Thy varied increase as the seasons bring
The plastic mandate of Omnipotence,
I sing of thee! In thee the bleating flocks,
The many coloured herds, and fiercer tribes
Of warrior beasts, delight; as ruminant
They chew thy herbage green, or roam afar
Thro' the vast forest or the arid waste
In search of prey. Upon thee, too, the sun
Loves to impel his warm and searching beams,
Which, cherished in the wide prolific womb,
Spring back again to Heaven, in fruits and flowers
Of every odour and of every hue.
Around thy granite peaks, the sailing clouds
Meet and commingle, with the genial loads
Distent;—or wander o'er the fields below,
Dropping their richness; or, in playful showers,
Leaping to gladden thee and bid thee bloom.
'Tis from thy rugged hills and broken vales,—
Thy high ascending summits, where the snows
Have throned themselves for ages,—keeping down
With icy sceptre all the buoyant clouds,
That else would rise and blot their hemisphere,—
Preserving still as human sages do
Their clearness, by their coldness:—'Tis from these,
And from thy vagrant streamlets, and thy deep
Broad bosomed rivers, and the various shows
Thou makest of thyself, that man first learns
What is the grand and what the beautiful;
For thou dost teach us, feed us, and at last
Hid'st the worn tenement, where dwelt the soul,
Beneath a verdant pall. Thou wear'st no sables
For thy dead children, but dost deck their graves
With bright and glittering trophies;—o'er them thou
Dost hang the willow's green and silver pendants;
Or bend the dark green cypress; or dost set
The many coloured violet, that low flower,
Still nestling mid the turf, as if it feared
To show its simple beauty to the sun.

We live upon thy breast. But yet our love
Dwells not with thee! Our longings are all bent
On shadowy things, and we do write our hopes
Amid the stars, those silent sentinels
Of the dread power we fear. Oh, 'tis a thought,
Making the nerves to quiver, and the blood
Clog in the bursting vein, to think what we
Shall be hereafter, and what new behest
Heaven shall require of us in those wide realms
Which now we may not scan! It is a thought
Making life cheap and worthless as a garment
Worn out in custom'd labour. Yet this cloak,
The exuvid of the spirit, mother Earth,
Is all that thou shalt keep of us; and that,
'Tis said, thou must restore. * * *
* * * * * * * * F.

THE MISSIONARY HYMN.

The death of the Bishop of Calcutta, of which melancholy event the account has recently reached England, gives a peculiar interest to the little musical composition by Mr. Wesley, organist in ordinary to his Majesty, recently published for the benefit of the Church Missionary Society. The piece is printed on a card, and does great credit to the feeling and taste of the composer, who has suited its movements well to the words written by the pious and highly esteemed prelate. The Missionary Hymn is as follows:—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

THEATRE-ROYAL, LIVERPOOL.

MR. HUNT

Has the honour of announcing to the Public, that his Benefit will take place on MONDAY next, (Dec. 4,) when will be performed the favourite Opera of the

DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

And the Musical Play of ROB ROY.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Hunt, 7, Upper Newington, Mount Pleasant.

The Housewife.

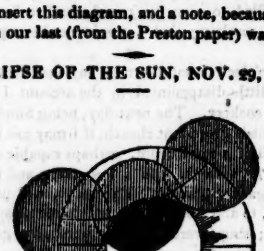
"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can."

We have several times noticed the efficacy of raw cotton in scalds and burns, and we now insert a confirmation of the important fact.

Cotton Down applied to Scalds, &c.—(By Dr. J. Hume.) I am not aware that it is generally known that cotton down has been used successfully as an application to burns and scalds. A few days since I saw an instance of it. A boy, seven years old, had several gallons of boiling water thrown over him, by which he was scalded from the back of his head down to the sacrum, and over the whole of his breast and right arm. In taking off his clothes, all the cuticle was separated from the skin, and the surface left raw. This was immediately bedded with cotton down, and the boy laid on his back in bed, where he lay in a state of insensibility for some days. Whenever matter appeared through the cotton, it was removed by soaking it with warm water or hog's lard, and fresh cotton was applied. I saw him seven weeks after the accident, when his arm and a great part of his body were healed; and whenever this had happened, the skin was of its natural colour and consistency, and had not the slightest appearance of having been ulcerated.—*London paper.*

We re-insert this diagram, and a note, because the time, as given in our last (from the Preston paper) was incorrect.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, NOV. 29, 1826.



Mr. Holden, who is now delivering an interesting course of astronomical lectures here, has furnished us with the following calculations (in mean or clock time) for the latitude and meridian of Liverpool:—Eclipse begins 9 h. 35 min. 26.54 sec.; middle, 10 h. 40 min. 43¼ sec; end, 11 h. 47 m. 58¼ sec. Digits eclipsed, 6° 57' 52".36.

Correspondence.

DISINTERMENT OF THE DEAD FOR SURGICAL PURPOSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You perceive that, notwithstanding your correspondent *Pax's* boast of having finished me out and out, I am still able to come to what he calls the *scratch*. In truth, I do not perceive that *Pax's* letter is such a complete settler as he imagines; and I can assure him, he has in no way changed my opinion on the subject. He may call my arguments weak, and think he has well defended his own; but when he proves the one by falsifying my reasoning, and maintains the other by no better a prop than his own assertion, I may be permitted to doubt his veracity in these instances.

To substantiate the charge of *Pax's* falsifying my arguments, I will quote a paragraph of my former letter, and likewise quote my opponent's *candid* remarks upon that paragraph.

"*Pax* contends that the robbing of the churchyards is as dishonest as picking a pocket or feloniously entering a house; *and that because it is not within the strict bounds of morality, it ought to cease.* As well might *Pax* say," &c.

On this *Pax* remarks, "This gentleman, in reply to my arguments, that the individual who steals a corpse is as dishonest, &c., exclaims, As well might *Pax* say, that because a thunder storm is productive of much evil, the Almighty should not permit it to rage."

Now, Sir, I do not thus exclaim, in answer to his argument respecting churchyard robbery being felony, but in answer to the deductions he draws from this argument, viz. that being felony, it is an evil; being an evil, it ought to cease. To this I answered by maintaining, that though the churchyard robbery was an evil, it was productive of more good than the evil itself, and therefore it ought *not* to cease. And as an instance in which a partial evil was made to produce a positive good, I mentioned the thunder storm. This is the true state of the case; and how far *Pax* has answered it fairly, I leave your readers to judge.

With respect to *Pax's* argument touching the burial of the dead being natural, I must have greater proof than his assertion to convince me of its truth. Both *Pax* and his authority Burnet, acknowledge that the common people of Egypt and Rome, only refrained from embalming or burning their dead, because these methods were expensive, not because they were unnatural. And upon a calm consideration of the question, I am inclined to think that burning the dead is more natural than laying them in the earth. By burning, a speedy decomposition takes place, through a natural agent, and the body is quickly reduced to its kindred dust, or its kindred ashes, while in the earth it becomes a prey to every noxious reptile that is abhorrent in the eyes of man! But, Sir, it is not my intention to push this argument further; I only touch upon it to show that *Pax* is not quite "at home," when he says burial is natural.

I think I have sufficiently answered *Pax's* boast of his arguments being *in statu quo*, and in taking my leave of this gentleman, I must acknowledge his talents, his politeness, and his good humour. If ever it be my fate to engage in another discussion through the columns of the *Kaleidoscope*, I should not wish for a more agreeable opponent than *Pax*, and with every wish for his future happiness and welfare, I most respectfully bid him farewell.

The observations of the scribe, who signs *Paul Pry*, are beneath contempt. The statements made by your able correspondent *Observer*, I am not prepared to refute, so they must stand as a kind of set off against the good produced by anatomy. You will perceive by the manner in which this is written, that I am in haste. In truth, my time has of late been so fully occupied, that I have been obliged, sorely against my will, to let a few articles marked No. 1 stand in the present volume of the *Kaleidoscope*, as if they were strangers and sojourners in that valuable periodical; but I trust a number of their relatives will speedily be forwarded by yours, truly,

EDGAR.

MILITIA RETURN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your curious return, as given last week, reminds me of one lately sent to the constable at a village not many miles from Everton. It was written in the following modest way. Under the head "Description," the writer stated himself to be "six feet high and rather handsome."

Q. IN THE CORNER.

Biographical Notices.

JEREMIAH HORROX.

All our readers may not be aware of the fact, that Toxteth-park, in our immediate neighbourhood, was the birthplace and residence of a very eminent mathematician and astronomer; a man of such profound science, that the immortal Sir Isaac Newton availed himself of the suggestions contained in his works.

Jeremiah Horrox, the individual of whom we are speaking, was the first person that predicted and saw the passage of Venus over the sun's disc. He was born at Toxteth-park, in the year 1619, which was twenty-three years previous to the birth of the illustrious Newton. We have been informed that his body lies buried in the Park Chapel yard. We cannot, however, pledge ourselves to that fact; as there is now no trace of his tombstone, nor any record in the chapel which can aid the inquiry.

Our motive for calling the public attention to this subject at this time is to forward the laudable object which Mr. Holden, the astronomical lecturer, has in contemplation. This gentleman, who is now delivering an interesting course of lectures in this town, intends to dedicate the profits of one lecture towards a fund for erecting a monument to the memory of a man, of whom not only Liverpool and the neighbourhood, but the kingdom at large, have reason to be proud. Mr. Holden's lecture, which will take place on an early day, of which notice will be given in the newspapers, will be peculiarly interesting, as he intends to introduce all the astronomical scenery, the display of which generally occupies the whole of his course. The scenery will be accompanied with brief descriptions and explanations. With this preface, we shall proceed to subjoin a biographical memoir of Mr. Horrox, from Aikin's General Biography.—*Edit. Kal.*

"Jeremiah Horrox, an eminent English astronomer, in the seventeenth century, was born at Toxteth, near Liverpool, in Lancashire, about the year 1619. Having been instructed in grammar learning at a country school, he was sent, when young, to Emanuel College, in the University of Cambridge, where he spent some time in academical studies. About the year 1633 he began to apply himself to the study of astronomy; but, as he lived at that time with his father, at Toxteth, in very moderate circumstances, and was destitute of proper books and other assistances for the prosecution of this study, he was unable to make any considerable progress in it. For some years he chiefly made use of the writings of Lansberg, to the neglect of the more valuable works of Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and other excellent astronomers, which was afterwards a subject of much regret with him. About the year 1636 he formed an acquaintance with Mr. William Crabtree, of Broughton, near Manchester, whose genius led him to the same studies; but, owing to the distance at which they lived from each other, they could have little correspondence, excepting by letters. These, however, they frequently exchanged, as long as our author lived: and they sometimes consulted, and communicated their discoveries to Mr. Foster, professor of geometry, at Gresham College, London. By acquiring a companion in his studies, Mr. Horrox was animated with new vigour; and, having procured astronomical instruments, and the necessary books, applied with great diligence to the making of observations. By Mr. Crabtree's advice he laid aside Lansberg, whose tables he found to be erroneous, and his hypothesis inconsistent. He had not, however, long entered on his career of discoveries before he was cut off by death, in 1640-1, when he was only about the age of twenty-two. Of the loss which the world sustained by this event, some idea may be formed from the writings which he left behind him. Not many days before, he had just finished his 'Venus in Sole visa,' as appears from some of his letters to his friend Mr. Crabtree; from which we also learn that he made his observations on that phenomenon at Hool, near Liverpool. This treatise was published at Dantzic, in 1662, by Hevelius, together with his own 'Mercurius in Sole visus,' and illustrated with that astronomer's annotations. Mr. Horrox's other imperfect papers, which are still extant, were digested and published by Dr. Wallis, in 1673, under the title of 'Opera Posthuma,' &c. quarto, in which we find that he first asserts and promotes the Keplerian astronomy against the hypothesis of Lansberg, which he proves to be inconsistent with itself, and neither agreeing with observations nor theory. He likewise reasons very justly concerning the celestial bodies and their motions, vindicates Tycho Brae from some objections made to his hypothesis, and gives a new theory of the moon; to which are added, the lunar numbers of Mr. Flamsteed. There are also extracts from several letters between him and Mr. Crabtree, upon various astronomical subjects, with a catalogue of astronomical observations. Besides the above, many of our author's papers were carried to Ireland by his brother Jonas Horrox, who had prosecuted the same studies, and died in that country, by which means they are supposed to be lost; and others fell into the hands of Mr. Jeremiah Shackerley, who made use of them in forming his 'British Tables,' published in 1653. The papers last mentioned were destroyed by the great fire at London, in 1666.

"There are two things, in particular, which will serve to perpetuate the memory of this extraordinary young man. One is, that he was the first who ever predicted or saw the passage of Venus over the sun's disc; for we do not find that any persons, besides himself and Mr. Crabtree, had ever beheld such a phenomenon: and, though he was not apprized of the grand use that was to be made of it, in discovering the parallax and distance of the sun and planets, yet he made from it many useful observations, corrections, and improvements, in the theory of the motions of Venus. The other memorable circumstance is, his new theory of lunar motions, which Newton himself made the ground-work of all his astronomy relative to the moon, always speaking of our author as a genius of the first rank."

The Drama.

MR. SALTER.

[*Continued from our last.*]

Shakspeare's splendid play of *Hamlet* was produced last night, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Salter to the Dublin boards. We must confess that we would have wished this gentleman had selected some other character for his *debut*, as we are convinced that he has sufficient *materiel* about him to fit him for a respectable station in the profession he has chosen. The character itself is perhaps the most singularly difficult in the range of the drama, and although Mr. Salter's performance was level, and not unpleasing, we still think that he has shared the fate of many of his predecessors, and failed in his exertion to portray the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare. Some of the scenes, however, exhibited striking marks of genius and conception, and, taking it as a whole, it would be almost as difficult to find fault as it would be to bestow unqualified praise.—*Saunders's News Letter, Tuesday, Nov.* 7, 1826.

Hamlet was played last night. The attraction in the bill was the novelty of Mr. Salter, "from the Theatres Royal, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester," (we wonder they did not add Sheffield and Leeds,) enacting Hamlet. Mr. Salter made some good points, which we shall not now enumerate, and he fell into many errors which we shall not mention, as we do not detail his success. We dare say we shall see him again.—*Morning Register, Nov.* 7, 1826.

Otway's "Venice Preserved" was performed last evening. Mr. Salter was the Jaffier. This gentleman improves upon acquaintance, and although we still hold the opinion that he is not fitted for the upper ranks of the drama, it must be admitted that in this character he displayed talents of a very superior order. He was loudly applauded throughout.—*Saunders's News Letter, Thursday, Nov.* 9, 1826.

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

THE THREE DAMSELS.

[FROM ACKERMANN'S "FORGET ME NOT."]

"Come hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fairy Lilias," said the venerable Countess of Moray to her laughing, happy grand-daughters—"come hither, my children, and spend your Halloween with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the gray head tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"That, in truth, shall we not, noble grandam," said the sparkling Lilias; "but yet would I have the charm of Halloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandam, thy tale shall find us most attentive listeners."

"Ah, true Scots!" said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity; but try not the charm, my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by: and if it convince you, as I trust it will, of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?" "What is there we can refuse you, noble grandam?" said the lovely Jean, burying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. "Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, and rain, and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely; our thoughts composed to attention; now for thy wondrous tale!"

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charms of the night, which, if successful, was to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become the husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their first setting out on this expedition; but, on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined, by a somewhat holy beginning, to sanctify the purpose which had brought them thither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the devil, and, therefore, when Catherine, the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now, then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the 'Amen,' they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion; but Catherine, after repeating certain words in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had invoked, as by his conduct towards it she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose-tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms, and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who, brandishing his broad sword, swept on to the rose-tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its frail and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon drooped gently down beside the tree, and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune: and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the rose, placed a lily bough in its stead, and then, with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady stamp of a warrior's horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier dismounting from his phantom steed advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily: his face was beautiful, but sad; beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it to his lips, and deposited it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream, when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her white handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence slowly ushered in her unexpected fate. From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot following a coffin, and was steadily borne towards them: many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pall, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead: they advanced slowly and steadily till they came under the tree, where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

"Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omens of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the Highlander had not yet married her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of, a favourite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand. Agnes thought she too might now listen to a tale of love; and such a one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

"The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian, too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was clasped in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to *his* bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valour, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who came to his assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

"But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad, was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest again returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced, by the fate of her sister, of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and, for this purpose, suddenly broke off all connexion with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to Ler tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all: she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and, finally, his wife. It was her will, not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded, and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination: stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed! She beheld in this scene the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life, and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah, silly delusion! (she exclaimed in bitterness of heart,) of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lilias, laughing; "what more would the people have had?"—"Youth, and its love, and its hopes, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess, "*they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock, past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter——."

"Grandam, it is your own tale you tell and our grandsire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lilias. "Ah, I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam: your Lilias will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

Miscellanies.

ANECDOTE OF TWO NEGROES IN FRANCE.

We thank a correspondent for transcribing for the *Kaleidoscope* the following anecdote, which, he says, appeared in the course of the present year in a respectable American publication, entitled "Biographical Sketches and Interesting Anecdotes of Persons of Colour."

In the most flourishing period of the reign of Louis XIV, two negro youths, the sons of a Prince, being brought to the court of France, the King appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters and in the Christian religion, and gave to each of them a commission in his guards. The elder, who was remarkable for candour and ingenuity, made great improvements, more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal officer, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person, who was his friend, took an opportunity to talk with him alone that evening upon his behaviour, which he told him was too tame, especially in a soldier. "Is there, then," said the young African, "one revelation for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownsmen? The good father, to whom I owe all my knowledge, has earnestly inculcated in me forgiveness of injuries; assuring me that a Christian was by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind."—"The good father," replied his friend, "may fit you for a monastery by his lessons, but never for the army and the rules of a court. In a word (continued he) if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice, and have your commission taken from you."—"I would fain," said the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shown, I will wipe off so foul a stain, though I must own I gloried in it before."

Immediately upon this he desired his friend to go from him, and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly they met and fought; and the brave African youth disarmed his adversary and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission, and desired the King's leave to return to his father.

At parting he embraced his brother and his friends, with tears in his eyes, saying, he did not imagine the Christians had been such an unaccountable people; and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their practice. "*In my country we think it no dishonour to act according to the principles of our religion.*"

MR. ABERNETHY.

We extract the following from the Anatomical Lectures of this humorous but skilful surgeon, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital:—

"What's to be done if a man gets a blow on his nose, and has his *crista galli* driven in upon the brain? What's to be done? why, you must try to pull it out again. You have to raise up the ossa nasi, introduce an instrument lined with sponge, raise up the depression, and then pull it out. But, luckily, this is a very rare accident, and I don't believe that every broken nose is followed by such frightful consequences. You see the nose is excessively well constructed to elude the effects of violence; the blow lights on the elastic part of the nose, which breaks the effect of it, and the blow may operate on the nose without driving in the nasal lamella. Faith, if every one had their crista galli driven in, when they have their nasal lamella broken, I myself would have had it, because, on one occasion, when I was riding, my horse's head and my own came pretty near together, and on putting the spur to him and pulling the bridle, he threw up his head, and struck me with it right upon the nose. The blood flowed from it, just as if it had been streaming from an arm, after you had introduced the lancet. I got off—got into a stable near at hand, washed my face, and squeezed the bones into their proper situation as well as I could. The people were certainly very kind, and wished to send for a surgeon to me; but I told them that I would much rather send for a hackney coach—(much laughter) which they did, and I went home in it. I then perceived, for the first time in my life, an imperfection in my sight. I could not see more than two-thirds of an object. First of all, however, I should tell you, my vision was indistinct, but I found it arose from the eclipse of the *third* of every object on the right hand. I ascertained this particularly as I went home, because, if I saw such a long name as my own, for instance, *A-ber-ne-thy*, in a *bookseller's* shop window, or any such place, I could see *A ber-knee*, but I could not see the *thigh* at all. (Loud laughter.) Well, I look'd with one eye, then I looked with the other, and I looked with both, but still I perceived that the third of every object was eclipsed, on what I may call my right side. Now this sort of case is alluded to by Dr. Woollaston, and he contends that it might be a defect in the optic nerves. Well, I was telling all this to a medical friend of mine—a very clever man, and he said it was *impossible*. I said, Well, I don't know whether it is impossible or not, but I know that what I tell you is true. It afterwards happened that he had a fall from his horse, I believe, or something of that kind, and he had the same imperfection of sight, the eclipse of the objects being on the opposite side. I said to him, there was only one thing I regretted, which was, that when I was in that state, I had not *squinted*, to have seen how the things would have looked then. He told me he was convinced it arose from the nerve. But I said, Did you squint? *O gad*, no, said he, I never thought of squinting. But since that time I have been entertained with it often, and often without having had any blow; and I have on these occasions squinted too, and it's just the same. And let those who can account for it as arising from a decussation of the nerve, do it; my own opinion is, that it arises from the *irregular actions of the retina*. You know there are people who see *ghosts* and *goblins*, and so on; not *blue-devils*: I suppose they don't see any of those, but they absolutely see men and women; you know all *that*, I dare say.

"There is a curious case related of a man who was a well-known character, and a man of sense, where it was said he used to see a number of people in the room with him. Now he himself has described the whole of the phenomenon, and all the adjuncts to it. He has said, after taking a cup of coffee, or tea, or so on, they came into his room in great numbers; and, as he got better, and less nervous, he has only seen the arms or legs of the persons, without seeing any other part of them. Now this is all an irregular action of the retina. A gentleman sitting in his library, one day, reading or writing, on turning round his head, saw, sitting in a chair, a woman in a red cloak, and he said—How came you in here, good woman? The woman said nothing. What is the meaning of your being here, woman? No answer was made. You have no right to be here; go out of the room. She took no notice of him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant. The servant came in. Turn this woman out. What woman, Sir? Why, the woman in a red cloak. There's no woman, nor any red cloak, Sir. Well, go and fetch the doctor; tell him I am ill, and I wish to speak with him. The man, however, was not to be frightened by this, because he knew it was a delusion of his sight. Now, I have had it so often, that it has been a matter of amusement to me rather than any thing else. I have stood before a glass, and seen the upper part of my head, and eyes, and nose, very distinctly; but I never saw that I had any mouth or jaw: and I have seen my shoulders very well; but all was blank between my nose and shoulders. Why, now, I say, what can you make of this, but that it is *errors of action, or inactivity in parts of the retina?*"

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Comic Melancholy.—It seems rather a hard fate upon those who possess so much power of entertaining others, that they should be unhappy themselves. Besides the often-repeated story of Carlini and the Physician, we have many other examples. Bologna the harlequin, and Grimaldi, were both remarkably heavy, dull-looking men off the stage. The celebrated Miss Kelly, when not acting, has a strong expression of melancholy in her countenance. Liston, it is said, will sit up late reading Young's Night Thoughts. A very witty lady in this county died in the Asylum of melancholy madness; and a young gentleman, who can make one's sides ache at any time with his comic songs, has such a grave face as to have universally the nickname of Mr. Dismal; and thus he, whose company is courted by every one, is no company for himself. But in point of fact, characters of this kind are no harder dealt with than others, as few possess brilliant qualities of any kind without alloy. If men are highly gifted one way, they are generally denied another. Dr. Johnson, who possessed so much sound judgment in most matters, yet in superstition came down to the level of the weakest of mankind. Walter Scott believes in omens and fortune-tellers, and, it is even said, spits in his hand sometimes to see what luck that will bring!

Phrenology.—A warm advocate for Phrenology, in Paisley, noticing an extraordinary development of the organ of colour in the cranium of a very fine boy, waited upon his mother, in humble circumstances, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the rules laid down by Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. On inquiring if the possessor of the projection ever tried his hand at drawing, he was answered,—"that he did naething else but draw frae morning till night, exceptin' the Sabbath."—"Indeed!" cried the Phrenologist, "then his fortune's made. Such a glorious bump!—in all my experience I never saw the like!"—"I dinna understaun," said the lad's mother.—"But I do," exclaimed the enthusiast, in ecstasy,—"Good woman, can you show me any of his work—his drawings, I mean?"—"His wark, Sir! you might tak shame to yoursel' for makin' sport o' a puir body: gin you want to see his wark, you may gang to the shop, where the callant *draws* for twa-an-saxpence a week—d'ye think I can fetch the loom till ye!"

Singular Adventures.—A respectable looking female applied at the Thames Police-office last week, for advice under the following circumstances:—She said that her name was Baker, and she was the widow of a captain of a vessel; about seven years ago, a young lad, her son, then about fourteen years of age, went out to India, in the Princess of Wales schooner, and they were shipwrecked at the Desert, Croset's Islands, and five of the crew and the captain were thrown destitute upon them. There they remained for two years, having built huts, and chiefly supported themselves by hunting and fishing, and clothing themselves in seal skins, of which they had already accumulated nearly four thousand. An American brig happened to touch at the Crosets, and on their presenting themselves in their grotesque costume to the captain, and giving him their history, they were immediately received on board, with their 4,000 skins, for the purpose of being landed at New York. However, on their passage, the captain and they differed as to the money which he was entitled to for their passage homewards; he seized all their skins, put them in irons, and landed them on a desert island, called St. Paul's. Thus deprived of every assistance, they knew not what to do, and bereft of every thing, save and except two muskets and a few pounds of powder and shot, they, imagining that they should spend their lives there, commenced building huts, and providing for a future settlement. They found the Island of St. Paul's not only abounding with seals, but also with wild elephants. So, after remaining three years, the American vessel, which had brought them there, touched at the island, and the captain, no doubt under the expectation that he would as easily get possession of their seal skins as he did before, offered to take them to the Isle of France, as the best mart for the disposal of their elephants' teeth and blubber, of which they had a considerable quantity. After much negociation they agreed with the captain for their passage to the Isle of France, and were landed there. On their arrival they sold their skins, elephant blubber, &c. and each of the crew lodged his money in the hands of the British Consul, except Samuel Baker, (applicant's son.) who happened to meet a captain, who is now in this country, who told him he could not remain in the island, unless he were under the protection of some respectable person; and the captain offered him his protection, which the lad accepted of, and lodged in his hands the produce of the sale of his skins, &c. which amounted to £80. On the boy telling him what a famous place the desert island of St. Paul's was for elephant blubber, the captain instantly fitted out a vessel, and endeavoured to prevail upon the rest of the crew to accompany the lad Baker to St. Paul's, to get blubber; this they refused; but he insisted on Baker going, against his consent, though Baker offered to pay for a substitute; but this the captain would not hear of, but sent him out from the Isle of France in a vessel for St. Paul's, about eighteen months ago, which vessel has never been heard of since. The captain has returned to this country, and at present resides in the Commercial-road. She even applied to him for the £80 he had got of her son's, but this he refused to render any account of, though he admitted, in the presence of a friend of her's, to have forty pounds of his money. Her statement she said she could substantiate by one of the crew, who had returned to England from the Isle of France, and who had been one of the companions of her son during his sojourn on the desert islands, and was then in the office.—Captain Richbell regretted that he had not the power to assist her; but recommended her to apply to some solicitor, who, he had no doubt, would obtain her redress.

THE PORCUPINE MAN.

A Supplement to the Account of a distempered Skin, published in the 424th Number of the Philosophical Transactions. By Mr. Henry Baker, F. R. S.

In 1731, a lad, of fourteen years of age, was shown to the Society, having a disease of the skin, so different from any mentioned in the history of diseases, that Mr. Machin, the Society's secretary, drew up an account of it, which was published. The same person is still alive; and, in 1754, was in London, as a show, under the name of the Porcupine Man, and not improperly, as the whole of his skin, except his face, palms of his hands, and soles of his feet, is covered with a very thick-set grove of dark brown cylindrical warts, so firm and elastic, especially when at their full size, which is an inch, that they make a rustling noise when the hand is passed over them.

When he had the small pox the warts fell off; but they soon shot up again, to get rid of which, he has been twice salivated. While the mercury did its office he had hopes of a recovery, for his skin became smooth and white; but, no sooner did the ptyalism cease, than his warty integuments reappeared.

Mr. Baker further informs us that he sheds them annually, either in the autumn or winter, when he usually loses blood, to prevent a little sickness, which otherwise accompanies their fall. At other times he is remarkably healthy.

He has had six children, who all, in nine weeks after their birth, acquired the same rugged covering with himself; but they are now dead, except one boy, who has also had the small pox, during which time the warts fell off, after which he attended his father, in London.

Lord Cochrane.—The first thing that pre-eminently distinguished Lord Cochrane was the capture of the Gamo. His Lordship, in the brig Speedy, of 14 guns, had so annoyed the Spaniards, by cutting up their trade, that the Government despatched armed vessels from several ports in pursuit of him. One of these, the thirty-two gun xebec Gamo, by means of hanging ports, decoyed the Speedy within hail, and then drawing them up, discovered her heavy battery. The Speedy's guns were only four-pounders, and to escape was impossible; the xebec sailed two feet to the Speedy's one. She resolved to practice a stratagem, and to pass for a Danish brig-of-war. In addition to hoisting Danish colours, his Lordship exhibited on the gangway a man dressed in a Danish officer's uniform. The xebec, not quite satisfied, sent her boat on board; but the officer was informed that the brig had just left a Barbary port, and that boarding her would subject the xebec to quarantine. This was sufficient; and after mutual salutations and waving of hands, the vessels parted company. They afterwards met again, and the Speedy began the action; but not being able, with all her manœuvring, to evade the heavy broadsides of the Gamo, Lord Cochrane ran close alongside the enemy, and heading the crew, they made a simultaneous rush from every part upon the decks of the Spaniard. For ten minutes the contest was desperate, but the impetuosity of the assault was irresistible. The Spanish colours were struck. The English amounted to 54 men and boys, of which we lost three killed, and eight wounded. The

Gamo carried 319 men, of om wh13 were killed, and 41 wounded. Captain Brenton tells us, that the Spanish captain required of Lord Cochrane a certificate of his having done his duty. This was more difficult to give than the taking of the vessel; but Lord Cochrane ingeniously avoided the dilemma, for he immediately wrote, "I do hereby certify, that Don (with many sounding names) conducted himself like a true Spaniard." This document was received with every mark of gratitude.—*James's Naval History.*

SOMETHING NEW.

A few weeks ago, a circumstance at once novel and curious, occurred in rather a curious place, that is, in a mine at Leadhills, 130 fathoms below the surface of the earth, and still more below the surface of the waters. At the usual hour, the industrious miners had all descended to their subterranean workshop, and while each, guided by his feeble lamp, was busy disembowelling the precious ore, and the sound of the pick-axe, the hammer, &c. reverberated through crypts in the living rock, as numerous and irregular as the catacombs at Paris, a cry arose so wild and unwonted, that it sounded more like a voice from the grave, than any thing in the shape of a gaseous explosion. In an instant, hist! hist! and other aspirations ran through the whole line of workmen; the wedge and the boring iron dropt from the palsied hands that held them; pulsation and respiration were almost suspended; joints trembled, eye-balls rolled, hair stood on end; and so intense, in a word, was the feeling of consternation, that we may say of those who were under its influence,

As they trembled underneath,
"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

At length a miner, more valorous than the rest, ventured to cast a glance behind, and there beheld two fiery looking eyes, which his fears magnified into the size of objects still more startling than *spunkie* itself—we mean a pair of mail-coach lamps, which, when descried approaching in the middle of a moor, and through the deep gloom of a December night, are fearful for man and horse to look on. One glance led to a second, a second to a third, and so on; and as fresh discoveries were soon made, such as legs, claws, beak, and wings, the puzzling question came to be mooted, as to what animal these members could possibly belong. The Leadhills miners, though remarkably intelligent, are a little prone to superstition, (as all men are who labour like the cyclops in the bowels of the earth,) and the reader need affect no incredulity, if some talked gravely of the huge dragon mentioned in the Apocrypha, and others of Apollyon Prince of Darkness, so minutely described in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Portuguese sailors on entering battle, fall prostrate on their knees, and implore their saints to work miracles in their favour, while our British tars, by standing to their guns, literally perform miracles for themselves; and, in like manner, a sensible young fellow, tired of the idle disputes around him, seized his pick-axe, and after exclaiming "Be you bird or beast, dragon or devil, you shan't sit and scowl on me there," *let drive* at the head of the apparition. As the blow failed to take effect, the apparition flitted away and away; and then such a scene ensued, as in all probability was never witnessed under ground before. A hundred lamps were instantaneously raised by as many hands, and the miners gathering courage from the flight of the enemy, and half ashamed of their former fears, manfully strove as to who should be foremost in unravelling the mystery. The flapping of wings was heard along the whole length of the mine, and the beleagured fugitive, as it flitted from one hiding place to another, and felt its course impeded by many a subterranean headland and promontory, made the place resound with the most piteous cries. The chase, in fact, was long, and not a little amusing; the pursuers, in their eagerness, occasionally fell and got broken noses; others, when they stumbled, complained of trodden fingers and toes; the enemy, too, made a show of fight, and what with bruises, bites, and scratches, the list of wounded was rather long, although fortunately there was no return of killed or missing. At length the intruder was overpowered and caught, and when fairly examined by lamp-light, in place of any thing supernatural, he proved to be a full-grown blue hawk, alike remarkable for the strength of his beak, and the breadth of his wings. How he had so far got out of his latitude, as to leave the upper for the under regions, no one of course was able to conjecture; but the miners, on returning to their former *stance*, discovered a lark cowering near the spot, and so completely overcome with terror, that it suffered itself to be taken without resistance. This second discovery explained what was previously mysterious, and the most probable solution of the circumstance is, that the poor lark, when closely pursued, had entered the mine as a place of safety; that the ruthless hawk had followed him thither, and that both had descended near the bottom, before they were aware of the mistake they had committed: and the drama closed according to the most approved rules of poetry; innocence triumphed over guilt, and the miners, on repairing to their homes in the evening, permitted the lark to revisit his native fields and skies, and detained the hawk as a prisoner for life.—*Edinburgh paper.*

Steam-engines.—The following curious facts were stated by Mr. Webster, in a lecture on steam-engines, delivered on Tuesday se'nnight at the Crown and Anchor:—It has been ascertained, with some degree of certainty, that there are now in this country 15,000 steam-engines at work, some of almost incredible power: in Cornwall there is one of 600 horse power. Taking it for granted that, on an average, these engines are each of 25 horse power, this would be equal to 375,000 horses. According to Mr. Watt's calculation, 5½ men are equal to the power of a horse; we have thus, therefore, a power, through the medium of steam-engines, equal to near two millions of men. Each horse for his keep, per year, requires the produce of two acres of land, and thus 750,000 acres are at the disposal of the inhabitants of Great Britain, more than if the same work, which is now done by steam, had to be performed by horses.

Mr. Kenny, the popular dramatist, the other day in drinking a glass of wine, inadvertently swallowed some small substance which was floating on the surface, which nearly choked him—a friend seeing his distress, and anxious to proclaim to his companion the sad state of the case, exclaimed, "It is Cork—gone the wrong way." "I don't know whether it is the wrong way to Cork," said a wag who was present, "but it seems to be a very likely way to *Kill Kenny.*"

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

IMPORTANT TO CHESS PLAYERS.

The following letter, in reference to the queries of our correspondents, is evidently written by one who is well versed in all the niceties of the game.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your answer to the chess query, signed *C. G. F.* in the last *Kaleidoscope*, appears to me to be unsatisfactory. It is, certainly, a fundamental rule of the game, that the king cannot move into check; but what is the meaning of the king's being in check? I have always understood that the king is in check, when he is in a situation to be taken by an adverse man, that is, when he is in such a situation that any other piece so situated might be taken. If this notion be correct, then, in the situation referred to, the black king *may* take the white castle; and by so doing, he will not go into check, because the white knight cannot move from its position without placing its own king in check. As therefore any black piece, except the king, might, in the same situation, take the white castle, without the possibility of being taken by the white knight, I do not see why the black king should not take the white castle. Situated as the white knight is, it has no power to move, it has no power to attack any other piece, and has, therefore, no power to attack the king.

The answer to the query of your correspondent *W. H.* admits of less doubt. I take it to be perfectly clear that in the case stated the pawn cannot be exchanged for the bishop. A rule of the game, indeed, is, that a pawn so situated may be exchanged for any piece previously lost; but this rule must be taken with the qualification that such exchange does not militate against any other rule of the game. Now, it is a rule that a bishop placed upon a black square cannot, by any possibility, move into a white one, the colour upon which the bishop moves being, as a logician would say, an essential attribute of the piece; and you might as well attempt to give the bishop the move of the knight as to make a bishop, originally placed upon a black square, move upon a white one; besides, if it were allowed that one party might have two king's or two queen's bishops, it would entirely destroy the beauty and simplicity of the game, and, at once, render it imperfect.

Nov. 22, 1826. Yours, &c. J. B.

SOLUTION TO GAME CXVII.

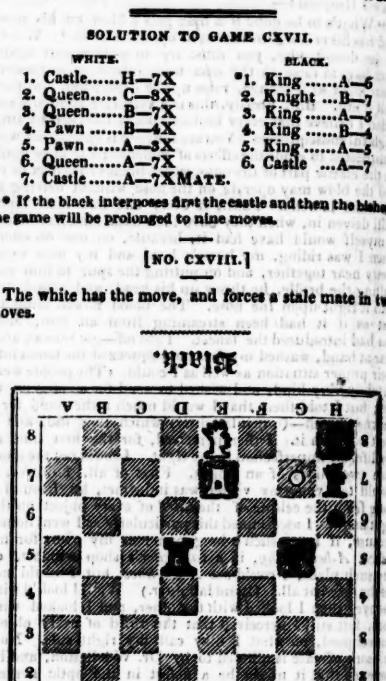
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Castle.....H—7X	*1. King .....A—6
2. Queen..... C—8X	2. Knight ...B—7
3. Queen.....B—7X	3. King .....A—5
4. Pawn .....B—4X	4. King .....B—4
5. Pawn .....A—3X	5. King .....A—5
6. Queen.....A—7X	6. Castle ...A—7
7. Castle.....A—7X MATE.	

* If the black interposes first the castle and then the bishop, the game will be prolonged to nine moves.

[NO. CXVIII.]

The white has the move, and forces a stale mate in two moves.

Black.



WHITE.

To Correspondents.

THE CORN LAWS.—Under the head "Political Economy" it is our intention to insert in the *Kaleidoscope* the excellent and argumentative speech lately delivered at Derby by Edw. Strutt, Esq. The question is of general interest, and Mr. Strutt's philosophical view of it is of such a nature as to render his speech admissible without the slightest deviation from our pledge to abstain from all political investigation.

TRIP TO FRANCE.—The writer of the Trip will oblige us, by forwarding the remainer of his MS. or a portion of it, on or before Wednesday, if convenient to him.

STEAM BOILERS.—In our next, we shall copy from the *Leeds Mercury* the description of Hick's Safety Valve; the engraving of which is now preparing.

CHESS.—We wish to call the particular attention of our chess readers to a brief letter of our correspondent *J. B.*

MUSIC.—We have in our possession several pieces of music, which we shall probably appropriate. Short pieces are the best adapted for our miscellany; and we frequently defer the publication of musical communications merely on account of their length.

We have further to acknowledge *W. R.*—*Constant Reader*—*R. N.*—*A. Y.*—*Salfordiensis*—*X.*—*Authenticity*—*W. B.*

ECLIPSES.—We fancy the following mnemonic lines will be the best answer to the query of *S. J.*

'Tis when the MOON doth interpose and shade
'Twixt SUN and EARTH, the SUN's eclipse is made;
But when the EARTH doth interpose between
The SUN and MOON, the MOON's eclipse is made.

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